

Short Poetic Dream 20210111000454994537

Texts Used: Beowulf by Anonymous

This text was remixed using a “Dream Filter”, or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

The polishers sleep the sleep of death who should make ready the battle grim, likewise the coat of mail which endured in the battle was shattered over shields by the bite of the iron spears and perishes after the death of the warrior.

Death would be better for earls than a life of reproach.' Then he bade them announce that battle-work at the entrenchment up over the sea-cliff where that troop of earls sat sorrowful in soul through the morning-long day, holding their shields and in expectation of the end of the day and the return of the dear man.

And there, in the haven, stood the ship, with rings at the prow, icy, and eager for the journey, the ferry of the Atheling.

'No joy of harping is there, nor mirth of stringed instruments, nor does the goodly hawk swing through the hall, nor doth the swift horse paw in the courtyard. Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: 'O kinsman of Healfdene, thou far-famed and proud prince, thou gold-friend of men, now that eager I am for this forth-faring, bethink thee now of what we two were speaking together, that if I should lose my life through helping thee in thy need, thou wouldst be always to me in the place of a father after my death.

For the son of Hygelac, famishing there, was allotted a deadly wound by the swing of a sword. And it is to me great sorrow in my heart to tell any man what Grendel hath done in Hart through his malice, of humiliation and sudden horror.

Woe be to that man who shall shove down a soul through hurtful malice into the bosom of the fire, and who hopes for no help nor for any change--well shall it be with that one who after his death day shall seek the Lord and desire protection in the embrace of the Father. Full oft I for less have meted out rewards and worshipful gifts to a meaner warrior, one weaker in strife.

And sometimes the old man encumbered by years, some ancient warrior, lamented his lost youth and strength in battle.

I may give counsel through greatness of mind to Hrothgar as to how he, the wise and good, may overcome the fiend, if ever should cease for him the baleful business and bettering come after and his troubles wax cooler, or for ever he shall suffer time of stress and miserable throes, while the best of all houses shall remain on the high stead.' Then the watchman, the fearless warrior, as he sat on his horse, quickly gave an answer: 'The shield-warrior who is wide awake, shall know how to tell the difference between words and works, if he well bethink him.

And the mighty sea-deer carried off the battle-rush through my hand.' 'So then evil-doers did often oppress me.

Nor did the monster think to delay, but at first he quickly laid hold of a sleeping warrior, and tore him to pieces all unawares, and bit at the flesh and drank the streaming blood, and devoured huge pieces of flesh.

Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within.

I will gain possession of the gold by my courage, or battle and deadly evil shall take away your lord.' Then the strong warrior, hard under helm, arose beside his shield and carried his shirt of mail under the rocky cliffs and trusted in the strength of himself alone. And in former times death had taken them all away, and he alone of the warriors of the people who longest lingered there, full lonely and sad for loss of friends was he, and he hoped for a tarrying, that he but for a little while might enjoy the ancient treasures. Soon Beowulf was swimming, he who formerly awaited the onset of the hostile ones in the striving, and he dived upwards through the water. I may give counsel through greatness of mind to Hrothgar as to how he, the wise and good, may overcome the fiend, if ever should cease for him the baleful business and bettering come after and his troubles wax cooler, or for ever he shall suffer time of stress and miserable throes, while the best of all houses shall remain on the high stead.' Then the watchman, the fearless warrior, as he sat on his horse, quickly gave an answer: 'The shield-warrior who is wide awake, shall know how to tell the difference between words and works, if he well bethink him.

His boast he had fulfilled, this leader of the Geats, which he made to the East Danes, and likewise made good all the distresses and the sorrows which they suffered of yore from the foe, and which through dire need they had to endure, of distresses not a few.

Let your swords stay behind here, the wood and the slaughter-shafts and the issue of words.' Then the Prince rose up, and about him was many a warrior, a glorious band of thanes. Soon Beowulf was swimming, he who formerly awaited the onset of the hostile ones in the striving, and he dived upwards through the water.

Death would be better for earls than a life of reproach.' Then he bade them announce that battle-work at the entrenchment up over the sea-cliff where that troop of earls sat sorrowful in soul through the morning-long day, holding their shields and in expectation of the end of the day and the return of the dear man.

So both sword and helmet, byrny and shield shall be common to both of us together.' Then he waded through the slaughter-reek, and bore the war-helmet to the help of his lord, and uttered a few words: 'Beloved Beowulf, do thou be doing all things, as thou of yore in the days of thy youth wast saying that thou wouldst not allow thy glory to be dimmed whilst thou wast living. Still it happened to him that his sword pierced through the wondrous worm, and it stood in the wall, that doughty iron, and the dragon was dead.

Still it happened to him that his sword pierced through the wondrous worm, and it stood in the wall, that doughty iron, and the dragon was dead. And ever I bore much sorrow of mind through that feud.

The polishers sleep the sleep of death who should make ready the battle grim, likewise the coat of mail which endured in the battle was shattered over shields by the bite of the iron spears and perishes after the death of the warrior. For the son of Hygelac, famishing there, was allotted a deadly wound by the swing of a sword. And there, in the haven, stood the ship, with rings at the prow, icy, and eager for the journey, the ferry of the Atheling.

Then the terrible monster fully intended to cut off from life every one of them there, when he was expecting abundance of meat. The glorious Lord, the very good Atheling, sat all unblithely, and suffered great pain, and endured sorrow for his thanes, when they saw the track of the loathly

one, the cursed sprite.

The grim and greedy wight of destruction, all fierce and furious, was soon ready for his task, and laid hold of thirty thanes, all as they lay sleeping. Nor did his passing seem a thing to grieve over to any of the warriors of those who were scanning the track of the glory-less wight, how weary in mind he had dragged along his life-steps, on the way thence doomed and put to flight, and overcome in the fight at the lake of the sea-monsters.

And he who rode to and fro o'er the headland was little sparing of fresh tidings, but said to all who were sitting there, 'Now is the joy-giver of the people of the Geats fast on his death-bed, and by the deed of the dragon he inhabits the place of rest gained by a violent death. And it is to me great sorrow in my heart to tell any man what Grendel hath done in Hart through his malice, of humiliation and sudden horror.

Death would be better for earls than a life of reproach.' Then he bade them announce that battle-work at the entrenchment up over the sea-cliff where that troop of earls sat sorrowful in soul through the morning-long day, holding their shields and in expectation of the end of the day and the return of the dear man.

And he careth not to await another heir within the cities, when he alone through the fatality of death hath found out the deeds.

The grim and greedy wight of destruction, all fierce and furious, was soon ready for his task, and laid hold of thirty thanes, all as they lay sleeping.

I will gain possession of the gold by my courage, or battle and deadly evil shall take away your lord.' Then the strong warrior, hard under helm, arose beside his shield and carried his shirt of mail under the rocky cliffs and trusted in the strength of himself alone.

Now has this Hero done a deed, through the power of the Lord, which none of us formerly could ever perform with all our wisdom.

Nor did the monster think to delay, but at first he quickly laid hold of a sleeping warrior, and tore him to pieces all unawares, and bit at the flesh and drank the streaming blood, and devoured huge pieces of flesh.

Nor did the monster think to delay, but at first he quickly laid hold of a sleeping warrior, and tore him to pieces all unawares, and bit at the flesh and drank the streaming blood, and devoured huge pieces of flesh.

O Lord of the Danes, no longer need thou fear for them, because of earls' life-bale as before thou didst.' Then was the golden hilt, the work of the giants, given into the hand of the old warrior, the hoary battle-chief. So Beowulf the warrior, proud of his golden gifts, went forth o'er the grassy plain rejoicing in treasure. So that they all overcame their enemies through the craft of one man and by his might only. 'No joy of harping is there, nor mirth of stringed instruments, nor does the goodly hawk swing through the hall, nor doth the swift horse paw in the courtyard. And a wonder is it to say how the mighty God giveth wisdom to mankind through wideness of mind, lands, and earlship.

We through bold thinking have come to seek thy lord, the son of Healfdene, the protector of the people.

The grim and greedy wight of destruction, all fierce and furious, was soon ready for his task, and laid hold of thirty thanes, all as they lay sleeping. Finn swore with Hengest and all without strife that he held in honour the woful remnant by the doom of the wise men, and that no man there

by word or work should break the treaty, or ever annul it through treacherous cunning, though they followed the slayers of their Ring-giver, all bereft of their lord as was needful for them.

The grim and greedy wight of destruction, all fierce and furious, was soon ready for his task, and laid hold of thirty thanes, all as they lay sleeping.

So both sword and helmet, byrny and shield shall be common to both of us together.' Then he waded through the slaughter-reek, and bore the war-helmet to the help of his lord, and uttered a few words: 'Beloved Beowulf, do thou be doing all things, as thou of yore in the days of thy youth wast saying that thou wouldst not allow thy glory to be dimmed whilst thou wast living.

Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body. So that they all overcame their enemies through the craft of one man and by his might only.

The grim and greedy wight of destruction, all fierce and furious, was soon ready for his task, and laid hold of thirty thanes, all as they lay sleeping.

And no more in playful wise at the midnight hour, did he drift through the air; this dragon, proud in his gainings of treasure, showed not his face, but was fallen to the earth because of the handiwork of the battle-warrior. And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth.

The warrior, the Lord of the Geats, raised his shield under the barrow against the terrible sprite. Heads were melting, wounds burst asunder. Still it happened to him that his sword pierced through the wondrous worm, and it stood in the wall, that doughty iron, and the dragon was dead. Now has this Hero done a deed, through the power of the Lord, which none of us formerly could ever perform with all our wisdom. So Beowulf the warrior, proud of his golden gifts, went forth o'er the grassy plain rejoicing in treasure.

And he who rode to and fro o'er the headland was little sparing of fresh tidings, but said to all who were sitting there, 'Now is the joy-giver of the people of the Geats fast on his death-bed, and by the deed of the dragon he inhabits the place of rest gained by a violent death.

The warrior, the Lord of the Geats, raised his shield under the barrow against the terrible sprite. So that they all overcame their enemies through the craft of one man and by his might only.

And the hardythane of Hygelac (Eofor) when his brother lay prostrate, caused the broad sword, the old giant's sword, to crash through the wall of shields upon the gigantic helmet. And he had on his arm alone thirty battle-trappings when he went down to the sea.

His boast he had fulfilled, this leader of the Geats, which he made to the East Danes, and likewise made good all the distresses and the sorrows which they suffered of yore from the foe, and which through dire need they had to endure, of distresses not a few.

The polishers sleep the sleep of death who should make ready the battle grim, likewise the coat of mail which endured in the battle was shattered over shields by the bite of the iron spears and perishes after the death of the warrior.

And the mighty sea-deer carried off the battle-rush through my hand.' 'So then evil-doers did often oppress me.

Finn swore with Hengest and all without strife that he held in honour the woful remnant by the doom of the wise men, and that no man there by word or work should break the treaty, or ever annul it through treacherous cunning, though they followed the slayers of their Ring-giver, all bereft of their lord as was needful for them.

And the mighty sea-deer carried off the battle-rush through my hand.' 'So then evil-doers did often oppress me.

Full oft I for less have meted out rewards and worshipful gifts to a meaner warrior, one weaker in strife. His boast he had fulfilled, this leader of the Geats, which he made to the East Danes, and likewise made good all the distresses and the sorrows which they suffered of yore from the foe, and which through dire need they had to endure, of distresses not a few. So Beowulf the warrior, proud of his golden gifts, went forth o'er the grassy plain rejoicing in treasure.

O Lord of the Danes, no longer need thou fear for them, because of earls' life-bale as before thou didst.' Then was the golden hilt, the work of the giants, given into the hand of the old warrior, the hoary battle-chief. Soon Beowulf was swimming, he who formerly awaited the onset of the hostile ones in the striving, and he dived upwards through the water.

And there, in the haven, stood the ship, with rings at the prow, icy, and eager for the journey, the ferry of the Atheling.

And sometimes the old man encumbered by years, some ancient warrior, lamented his lost youth and strength in battle.

Still it happened to him that his sword pierced through the wondrous worm, and it stood in the wall, that doughty iron, and the dragon was dead.

The glorious Lord, the very good Atheling, sat all unblithely, and suffered great pain, and endured sorrow for his thanes, when they saw the track of the loathly one, the cursed sprite.

The polishers sleep the sleep of death who should make ready the battle grim, likewise the coat of mail which endured in the battle was shattered over shields by the bite of the iron spears and perishes after the death of the warrior.

Then fled Beowulf by his very own craft and swam through the seas.

Then fled Beowulf by his very own craft and swam through the seas.

And no more in playful wise at the midnight hour, did he drift through the air; this dragon, proud in his gainings of treasure, showed not his face, but was fallen to the earth because of the handiwork of the battle-warrior.

Finn swore with Hengest and all without strife that he held in honour the woful remnant by the doom of the wise men, and that no man there by word or work should break the treaty, or ever annul it through treacherous cunning, though they followed the slayers of their Ring-giver, all bereft of their lord as was needful for them. And to him did Hrethel of the Geats give his only daughter, and his son has bravely come here and hath sought out a gracious friend.' Then said the sea-farers who had brought the goodly gifts of the Geats there for thanks, that he the battle-brave had in his hand-grip the main craft of thirty men.

I will gain possession of the gold by my courage, or battle and deadly evil shall take away your lord.' Then the strong warrior, hard under helm, arose beside his shield and carried his shirt of mail under the rocky cliffs and trusted in the strength of himself alone. The glorious Lord, the very good Atheling, sat all unblithely, and suffered great pain, and endured sorrow for his thanes, when they saw the track of the loathly one, the cursed sprite.

So both sword and helmet, byrny and shield shall be common to both of us together.' Then he waded through the slaughter-reek, and bore the war-helmet to the help of his lord, and uttered a few words: 'Beloved Beowulf, do thou be doing all things, as thou of yore in the days of thy youth wast saying that thou wouldst not allow thy glory to be dimmed whilst thou wast living.

The grim and greedy wight of destruction, all fierce and furious, was soon ready for his task, and laid hold of thirty thanes, all as they lay sleeping.

Nor did his passing seem a thing to grieve over to any of the warriors of those who were scanning the track of the glory-less wight, how weary in mind he had dragged along his life-steps, on the way thence doomed and put to flight, and overcome in the fight at the lake of the sea-monsters.

And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth.

Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within.

His boast he had fulfilled, this leader of the Geats, which he made to the East Danes, and likewise made good all the distresses and the sorrows which they suffered of yore from the foe, and which through dire need they had to endure, of distresses not a few.

So Beowulf the warrior, proud of his golden gifts, went forth o'er the grassy plain rejoicing in treasure.

The coat of mail shone brightly, which was firmly hand-locked.

And he careth not to await another heir within the cities, when he alone through the fatality of death hath found out the deeds. I will gain possession of the gold by my courage, or battle and deadly evil shall take away your lord.' Then the strong warrior, hard under helm, arose beside his shield and carried his shirt of mail under the rocky cliffs and trusted in the strength of himself alone.

And ever I bore much sorrow of mind through that feud.

For the son of Hygelac, famishing there, was allotted a deadly wound by the swing of a sword. And he careth not to await another heir within the cities, when he alone through the fatality of death hath found out the deeds.

And the point pierced through the doomed flesh-covering. And the mighty sea-deer carried off the battle-rush through my hand.' 'So then evil-doers did often oppress me.

Nor did the monster think to delay, but at first he quickly laid hold of a sleeping warrior, and tore him to pieces all unawares, and bit at the flesh and drank the streaming blood, and devoured huge pieces of flesh.

Full oft I for less have meted out rewards and worshipful gifts to a meaner warrior, one weaker in strife. Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body. And he careth not to await another heir within the cities, when he alone through the fatality of death hath found out the deeds. I may give counsel through greatness of mind to Hrothgar as to how he, the wise and good, may overcome the fiend, if ever should cease for him the baleful business and bettering come after and his troubles wax cooler, or for ever he shall suffer time of stress and miserable throes, while the best of all houses shall remain on the high stead.' Then the watchman, the fearless warrior, as he sat on his horse, quickly gave an answer: 'The shield-warrior who is wide awake, shall know how to tell the difference between words and works, if he well bethink him. O Lord of the Danes, no longer need thou fear for them, because of earls' life-bale as before thou didst.' Then was the golden hilt, the work of the giants, given into the hand of the old warrior, the hoary battle-chief. So both sword and helmet, byrny and shield shall be common to both of us

together.' Then he waded through the slaughter-reek, and bore the war-helmet to the help of his lord, and uttered a few words: 'Beloved Beowulf, do thou be doing all things, as thou of yore in the days of thy youth wast saying that thou wouldst not allow thy glory to be dimmed whilst thou wast living. Await ye on the barrow guarded by byrnies, O ye warriors in armour, and see which of us two will better survive his wounds after the battle-rush. Nor in these dwellings did the Lord of the Geats take any other treasure, though much he saw there, except the head and the hilt, decked out with jewels. Now has this Hero done a deed, through the power of the Lord, which none of us formerly could ever perform with all our wisdom.

O Lord of the Danes, no longer need thou fear for them, because of earls' life-bale as before thou didst.' Then was the golden hilt, the work of the giants, given into the hand of the old warrior, the hoary battle-chief. Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: 'O kinsman of Healfdene, thou far-famed and proud prince, thou gold-friend of men, now that eager I am for this forth-faring, bethink thee now of what we two were speaking together, that if I should lose my life through helping thee in thy need, thou wouldst be always to me in the place of a father after my death.

And in former times death had taken them all away, and he alone of the warriors of the people who longest lingered there, full lonely and sad for loss of friends was he, and he hoped for a tarrying, that he but for a little while might enjoy the ancient treasures. Nor did his passing seem a thing to grieve over to any of the warriors of those who were scanning the track of the glory-less wight, how weary in mind he had dragged along his life-steps, on the way thence doomed and put to flight, and overcome in the fight at the lake of the sea-monsters. For the son of Hygelac, famishing there, was allotted a deadly wound by the swing of a sword.

Let your swords stay behind here, the wood and the slaughter-shafts and the issue of words.'

Then the Prince rose up, and about him was many a warrior, a glorious band of thanes.

Heads were melting, wounds burst asunder. Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: 'O kinsman of Healfdene, thou far-famed and proud prince, thou gold-friend of men, now that eager I am for this forth-faring, bethink thee now of what we two were speaking together, that if I should lose my life through helping thee in thy need, thou wouldst be always to me in the place of a father after my death.

And to him did Hrethel of the Geats give his only daughter, and his son has bravely come here and hath sought out a gracious friend.' Then said the sea-farers who had brought the goodly gifts of the Geats there for thanks, that he the battle-brave had in his hand-grip the main craft of thirty men. And for the eldest was a murder-bed most unhappily made up by the deeds of a kinsman, when Haethcyn his lordly friend brought him low with an arrow from out of his horn-bow, and missing the mark he shot through his brother with a bloody javelin.

And in former times death had taken them all away, and he alone of the warriors of the people who longest lingered there, full lonely and sad for loss of friends was he, and he hoped for a tarrying, that he but for a little while might enjoy the ancient treasures.

Nor did the monster think to delay, but at first he quickly laid hold of a sleeping warrior, and tore him to pieces all unawares, and bit at the flesh and drank the streaming blood, and devoured huge pieces of flesh. Heads were melting, wounds burst asunder.

Let your swords stay behind here, the wood and the slaughter-shafts and the issue of words.'

Then the Prince rose up, and about him was many a warrior, a glorious band of thanes.

And it is to me great sorrow in my heart to tell any man what Grendel hath done in Hart through his malice, of humiliation and sudden horror. So that they all overcame their enemies through the craft of one man and by his might only.

And for the eldest was a murder-bed most unhappily made up by the deeds of a kinsman, when Haethcyn his lordly friend brought him low with an arrow from out of his horn-bow, and missing the mark he shot through his brother with a bloody javelin.

And a wonder is it to say how the mighty God giveth wisdom to mankind through wideness of mind, lands, and earlship.

And it is to me great sorrow in my heart to tell any man what Grendel hath done in Hart through his malice, of humiliation and sudden horror.

So that they all overcame their enemies through the craft of one man and by his might only.

Let your swords stay behind here, the wood and the slaughter-shafts and the issue of words.'

Then the Prince rose up, and about him was many a warrior, a glorious band of thanes.

And there, in the haven, stood the ship, with rings at the prow, icy, and eager for the journey, the ferry of the Atheling.

And a wonder is it to say how the mighty God giveth wisdom to mankind through wideness of mind, lands, and earlship.

And the point pierced through the doomed flesh-covering. Full oft I for less have meted out rewards and worshipful gifts to a meaner warrior, one weaker in strife.

Await ye on the barrow guarded by byrnies, O ye warriors in armour, and see which of us two will better survive his wounds after the battle-rush.

The warrior, the Lord of the Geats, raised his shield under the barrow against the terrible sprite.

And the hardythane of Hygelac (Eofor) when his brother lay prostrate, caused the broad sword, the old giant's sword, to crash through the wall of shields upon the gigantic helmet.

And in former times death had taken them all away, and he alone of the warriors of the people who longest lingered there, full lonely and sad for loss of friends was he, and he hoped for a tarrying, that he but for a little while might enjoy the ancient treasures. So that they all overcame their enemies through the craft of one man and by his might only.

The grim and greedy wight of destruction, all fierce and furious, was soon ready for his task, and laid hold of thirty thanes, all as they lay sleeping. So Beowulf the warrior, proud of his golden gifts, went forth o'er the grassy plain rejoicing in treasure.

Finn swore with Hengest and all without strife that he held in honour the woful remnant by the doom of the wise men, and that no man there by word or work should break the treaty, or ever annul it through treacherous cunning, though they followed the slayers of their Ring-giver, all bereft of their lord as was needful for them.

And he who rode to and fro o'er the headland was little sparing of fresh tidings, but said to all who were sitting there, 'Now is the joy-giver of the people of the Geats fast on his death-bed, and by the deed of the dragon he inhabits the place of rest gained by a violent death. And he had on his arm alone thirty battle-trappings when he went down to the sea.

They were a folk strangers to the eternal God, to whom the ruler gave their deserts through flooding of waters.

Do thou bid the famous warriors erect a burial-mound, after the burning of the funeral pyre, at the edge of the sea, which shall tower aloft on Whale's Ness, as a memorial for my people, and

so the sea-farers shall call it the Hill of Beowulf, even those who drive the high ships from afar through the mists of the flood.' Then the bold Prince doffed from his neck the golden ring. Then the terrible monster fully intended to cut off from life every one of them there, when he was expecting abundance of meat.

Now has this Hero done a deed, through the power of the Lord, which none of us formerly could ever perform with all our wisdom. And there, in the haven, stood the ship, with rings at the prow, icy, and eager for the journey, the ferry of the Atheling.

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: 'O kinsman of Healfdene, thou far-famed and proud prince, thou gold-friend of men, now that eager I am for this forth-faring, bethink thee now of what we two were speaking together, that if I should lose my life through helping thee in thy need, thou wouldst be always to me in the place of a father after my death.

And a wonder is it to say how the mighty God giveth wisdom to mankind through wideness of mind, lands, and earlship. I will gain possession of the gold by my courage, or battle and deadly evil shall take away your lord.' Then the strong warrior, hard under helm, arose beside his shield and carried his shirt of mail under the rocky cliffs and trusted in the strength of himself alone.

And for the eldest was a murder-bed most unhappily made up by the deeds of a kinsman, when Haethcyn his lordly friend brought him low with an arrow from out of his horn-bow, and missing the mark he shot through his brother with a bloody javelin.

Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within.

So both sword and helmet, byrny and shield shall be common to both of us together.' Then he waded through the slaughter-reek, and bore the war-helmet to the help of his lord, and uttered a few words: 'Beloved Beowulf, do thou be doing all things, as thou of yore in the days of thy youth wast saying that thou wouldst not allow thy glory to be dimmed whilst thou wast living.

And sometimes the old man encumbered by years, some ancient warrior, lamented his lost youth and strength in battle.

His boast he had fulfilled, this leader of the Geats, which he made to the East Danes, and likewise made good all the distresses and the sorrows which they suffered of yore from the foe, and which through dire need they had to endure, of distresses not a few.

For the son of Hygelac, famishing there, was allotted a deadly wound by the swing of a sword.

Now has this Hero done a deed, through the power of the Lord, which none of us formerly could ever perform with all our wisdom.

And there, in the haven, stood the ship, with rings at the prow, icy, and eager for the journey, the ferry of the Atheling.

I may give counsel through greatness of mind to Hrothgar as to how he, the wise and good, may overcome the fiend, if ever should cease for him the baleful business and bettering come after and his troubles wax cooler, or for ever he shall suffer time of stress and miserable throes, while the best of all houses shall remain on the high stead.' Then the watchman, the fearless warrior, as he sat on his horse, quickly gave an answer: 'The shield-warrior who is wide awake, shall know how to tell the difference between words and works, if he well bethink him.

The polishers sleep the sleep of death who should make ready the battle grim, likewise the coat of mail which endured in the battle was shattered over shields by the bite of the iron spears and perishes after the death of the warrior.

I may give counsel through greatness of mind to Hrothgar as to how he, the wise and good, may overcome the fiend, if ever should cease for him the baleful business and bettering come after and his troubles wax cooler, or for ever he shall suffer time of stress and miserable throes, while the best of all houses shall remain on the high stead.' Then the watchman, the fearless warrior, as he sat on his horse, quickly gave an answer: 'The shield-warrior who is wide awake, shall know how to tell the difference between words and works, if he well bethink him.

Death would be better for earls than a life of reproach.' Then he bade them announce that battle-work at the entrenchment up over the sea-cliff where that troop of earls sat sorrowful in soul through the morning-long day, holding their shields and in expectation of the end of the day and the return of the dear man.

The coat of mail shone brightly, which was firmly hand-locked.

Now has this Hero done a deed, through the power of the Lord, which none of us formerly could ever perform with all our wisdom. Soon Beowulf was swimming, he who formerly awaited the onset of the hostile ones in the striving, and he dived upwards through the water.

And the hardythane of Hygelac (Eofor) when his brother lay prostrate, caused the broad sword, the old giant's sword, to crash through the wall of shields upon the gigantic helmet.

Nor did the monster think to delay, but at first he quickly laid hold of a sleeping warrior, and tore him to pieces all unawares, and bit at the flesh and drank the streaming blood, and devoured huge pieces of flesh.

Death would be better for earls than a life of reproach.' Then he bade them announce that battle-work at the entrenchment up over the sea-cliff where that troop of earls sat sorrowful in soul through the morning-long day, holding their shields and in expectation of the end of the day and the return of the dear man. Then fled Beowulf by his very own craft and swam through the seas.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech brake through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

Nor did his passing seem a thing to grieve over to any of the warriors of those who were scanning the track of the glory-less wight, how weary in mind he had dragged along his life-steps, on the way thence doomed and put to flight, and overcome in the fight at the lake of the sea-monsters.

Now has this Hero done a deed, through the power of the Lord, which none of us formerly could ever perform with all our wisdom.

He gladly received it, he the battle-fierce warrior, from the hand of Wealtheow, and then began singing, inspired by a warlike spirit.

Now has this Hero done a deed, through the power of the Lord, which none of us formerly could ever perform with all our wisdom. Nor did the monster think to delay, but at first he quickly laid hold of a sleeping warrior, and tore him to pieces all unawares, and bit at the flesh and drank the streaming blood, and devoured huge pieces of flesh.

The glorious Lord, the very good Atheling, sat all unblithely, and suffered great pain, and endured sorrow for his thanes, when they saw the track of the loathly one, the cursed sprite.

The coat of mail shone brightly, which was firmly hand-locked.

So Beowulf the warrior, proud of his golden gifts, went forth o'er the grassy plain rejoicing in treasure.

For the son of Hygelac, famishing there, was allotted a deadly wound by the swing of a sword.

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: 'O kinsman of Healfdene, thou far-famed and proud prince, thou gold-friend of men, now that eager I am for this forth-faring, bethink thee now of what we two were speaking together, that if I should lose my life through helping thee in thy need, thou wouldst be always to me in the place of a father after my death. And he who rode to and fro o'er the headland was little sparing of fresh tidings, but said to all who were sitting there, 'Now is the joy-giver of the people of the Geats fast on his death-bed, and by the deed of the dragon he inhabits the place of rest gained by a violent death.

I may give counsel through greatness of mind to Hrothgar as to how he, the wise and good, may overcome the fiend, if ever should cease for him the baleful business and bettering come after and his troubles wax cooler, or for ever he shall suffer time of stress and miserable throes, while the best of all houses shall remain on the high stead.' Then the watchman, the fearless warrior, as he sat on his horse, quickly gave an answer: 'The shield-warrior who is wide awake, shall know how to tell the difference between words and works, if he well bethink him.

Finn swore with Hengest and all without strife that he held in honour the woful remnant by the doom of the wise men, and that no man there by word or work should break the treaty, or ever annul it through treacherous cunning, though they followed the slayers of their Ring-giver, all bereft of their lord as was needful for them. And there, in the haven, stood the ship, with rings at the prow, icy, and eager for the journey, the ferry of the Atheling.

And the hardythane of Hygelac (Eofor) when his brother lay prostrate, caused the broad sword, the old giant's sword, to crash through the wall of shields upon the gigantic helmet.

And a wonder is it to say how the mighty God giveth wisdom to mankind through wideness of mind, lands, and earlship.

And he who rode to and fro o'er the headland was little sparing of fresh tidings, but said to all who were sitting there, 'Now is the joy-giver of the people of the Geats fast on his death-bed, and by the deed of the dragon he inhabits the place of rest gained by a violent death. Then fled Beowulf by his very own craft and swam through the seas.

I will gain possession of the gold by my courage, or battle and deadly evil shall take away your lord.' Then the strong warrior, hard under helm, arose beside his shield and carried his shirt of mail under the rocky cliffs and trusted in the strength of himself alone.

And for the eldest was a murder-bed most unhappily made up by the deeds of a kinsman, when Haethcyn his lordly friend brought him low with an arrow from out of his horn-bow, and missing the mark he shot through his brother with a bloody javelin. Now has this Hero done a deed, through the power of the Lord, which none of us formerly could ever perform with all our wisdom.

Full oft I for less have meted out rewards and worshipful gifts to a meaner warrior, one weaker in strife.

And a wonder is it to say how the mighty God giveth wisdom to mankind through wideness of mind, lands, and earlship. The terrible monster, sore with wounds was waiting.

The coat of mail shone brightly, which was firmly hand-locked.

Woe be to that man who shall shove down a soul through hurtful malice into the bosom of the fire, and who hopes for no help nor for any change--well shall it be with that one who after his death day shall seek the Lord and desire protection in the embrace of the Father.

Woe be to that man who shall shove down a soul through hurtful malice into the bosom of the fire, and who hopes for no help nor for any change--well shall it be with that one who after his death day shall seek the Lord and desire protection in the embrace of the Father.

The coat of mail shone brightly, which was firmly hand-locked.

Nor did his passing seem a thing to grieve over to any of the warriors of those who were scanning the track of the glory-less wight, how weary in mind he had dragged along his life-steps, on the way thence doomed and put to flight, and overcome in the fight at the lake of the sea-monsters. The coat of mail shone brightly, which was firmly hand-locked.

And the mighty sea-deer carried off the battle-rush through my hand.' 'So then evil-doers did often oppress me.

Await ye on the barrow guarded by byrnies, O ye warriors in armour, and see which of us two will better survive his wounds after the battle-rush.

Nor did his passing seem a thing to grieve over to any of the warriors of those who were scanning the track of the glory-less wight, how weary in mind he had dragged along his life-steps, on the way thence doomed and put to flight, and overcome in the fight at the lake of the sea-monsters. Nor in these dwellings did the Lord of the Geats take any other treasure, though much he saw there, except the head and the hilt, decked out with jewels.

I may give counsel through greatness of mind to Hrothgar as to how he, the wise and good, may overcome the fiend, if ever should cease for him the baleful business and bettering come after and his troubles wax cooler, or for ever he shall suffer time of stress and miserable throes, while the best of all houses shall remain on the high stead.' Then the watchman, the fearless warrior, as he sat on his horse, quickly gave an answer: 'The shield-warrior who is wide awake, shall know how to tell the difference between words and works, if he well bethink him. Nor in these dwellings did the Lord of the Geats take any other treasure, though much he saw there, except the head and the hilt, decked out with jewels.

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: 'O kinsman of Healfdene, thou far-famed and proud prince, thou gold-friend of men, now that eager I am for this forth-faring, bethink thee now of what we two were speaking together, that if I should lose my life through helping thee in thy need, thou wouldst be always to me in the place of a father after my death. Woe be to that man who shall shove down a soul through hurtful malice into the bosom of the fire, and who hopes for no help nor for any change--well shall it be with that one who after his death day shall seek the Lord and desire protection in the embrace of the Father.

They were a folk strangers to the eternal God, to whom the ruler gave their deserts through flooding of waters.

The terrible monster, sore with wounds was waiting. And sometimes the old man encumbered by years, some ancient warrior, lamented his lost youth and strength in battle. And sometimes the old man encumbered by years, some ancient warrior, lamented his lost youth and strength in battle.

Heads were melting, wounds burst asunder. Let your swords stay behind here, the wood and the slaughter-shafts and the issue of words.' Then the Prince rose up, and about him was many a warrior, a glorious band of thanes.

The coat of mail shone brightly, which was firmly hand-locked.

So Beowulf the warrior, proud of his golden gifts, went forth o'er the grassy plain rejoicing in

treasure.

And he who rode to and fro o'er the headland was little sparing of fresh tidings, but said to all who were sitting there, 'Now is the joy-giver of the people of the Geats fast on his death-bed, and by the deed of the dragon he inhabits the place of rest gained by a violent death.

The coat of mail shone brightly, which was firmly hand-locked.

He gladly received it, he the battle-fierce warrior, from the hand of Wealtheow, and then began singing, inspired by a warlike spirit.

Then fled Beowulf by his very own craft and swam through the seas.

For the son of Hygelac, famishing there, was allotted a deadly wound by the swing of a sword.

They were a folk strangers to the eternal God, to whom the ruler gave their deserts through flooding of waters.

Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body.

And he careth not to await another heir within the cities, when he alone through the fatality of death hath found out the deeds.

Nor in these dwellings did the Lord of the Geats take any other treasure, though much he saw there, except the head and the hilt, decked out with jewels.

And the hardythane of Hygelac (Eofor) when his brother lay prostrate, caused the broad sword, the old giant's sword, to crash through the wall of shields upon the gigantic helmet.

The glorious Lord, the very good Atheling, sat all unblithely, and suffered great pain, and endured sorrow for his thanes, when they saw the track of the loathly one, the cursed sprite.

O Lord of the Danes, no longer need thou fear for them, because of earls' life-bale as before thou didst.' Then was the golden hilt, the work of the giants, given into the hand of the old warrior, the hoary battle-chief.

Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within.

And no more in playful wise at the midnight hour, did he drift through the air; this dragon, proud in his gainings of treasure, showed not his face, but was fallen to the earth because of the handiwork of the battle-warrior.

Soon Beowulf was swimming, he who formerly awaited the onset of the hostile ones in the striving, and he dived upwards through the water. And a wonder is it to say how the mighty God giveth wisdom to mankind through wideness of mind, lands, and earlship.

The coat of mail shone brightly, which was firmly hand-locked. And to him did Hrethel of the Geats give his only daughter, and his son has bravely come here and hath sought out a gracious friend.' Then said the sea-farers who had brought the goodly gifts of the Geats there for thanks, that he the battle-brave had in his hand-grip the main craft of thirty men.

Nor in these dwellings did the Lord of the Geats take any other treasure, though much he saw there, except the head and the hilt, decked out with jewels. Still it happened to him that his sword pierced through the wondrous worm, and it stood in the wall, that doughty iron, and the dragon was dead.

And no more in playful wise at the midnight hour, did he drift through the air; this dragon, proud in his gainings of treasure, showed not his face, but was fallen to the earth because of the handiwork of the battle-warrior. His boast he had fulfilled, this leader of the Geats, which he made to the East Danes, and likewise made good all the distresses and the sorrows which they

suffered of yore from the foe, and which through dire need they had to endure, of distresses not a few. And no more in playful wise at the midnight hour, did he drift through the air; this dragon, proud in his gainings of treasure, showed not his face, but was fallen to the earth because of the handiwork of the battle-warrior.

And sometimes the old man encumbered by years, some ancient warrior, lamented his lost youth and strength in battle. Woe be to that man who shall shove down a soul through hurtful malice into the bosom of the fire, and who hopes for no help nor for any change--well shall it be with that one who after his death day shall seek the Lord and desire protection in the embrace of the Father.

Nor did his passing seem a thing to grieve over to any of the warriors of those who were scanning the track of the glory-less wight, how weary in mind he had dragged along his life-steps, on the way thence doomed and put to flight, and overcome in the fight at the lake of the sea-monsters.

The polishers sleep the sleep of death who should make ready the battle grim, likewise the coat of mail which endured in the battle was shattered over shields by the bite of the iron spears and perishes after the death of the warrior. The grim and greedy wight of destruction, all fierce and furious, was soon ready for his task, and laid hold of thirty thanes, all as they lay sleeping. And he who rode to and fro o'er the headland was little sparing of fresh tidings, but said to all who were sitting there, 'Now is the joy-giver of the people of the Geats fast on his death-bed, and by the deed of the dragon he inhabits the place of rest gained by a violent death. Full oft I for less have meted out rewards and worshipful gifts to a meaner warrior, one weaker in strife.

Now has this Hero done a deed, through the power of the Lord, which none of us formerly could ever perform with all our wisdom.

And the hardythane of Hygelac (Eofor) when his brother lay prostrate, caused the broad sword, the old giant's sword, to crash through the wall of shields upon the gigantic helmet. Soon Beowulf was swimming, he who formerly awaited the onset of the hostile ones in the striving, and he dived upwards through the water.

Death would be better for earls than a life of reproach.' Then he bade them announce that battle-work at the entrenchment up over the sea-cliff where that troop of earls sat sorrowful in soul through the morning-long day, holding their shields and in expectation of the end of the day and the return of the dear man.

Await ye on the barrow guarded by byrnies, O ye warriors in armour, and see which of us two will better survive his wounds after the battle-rush.

The grim and greedy wight of destruction, all fierce and furious, was soon ready for his task, and laid hold of thirty thanes, all as they lay sleeping.

His boast he had fulfilled, this leader of the Geats, which he made to the East Danes, and likewise made good all the distresses and the sorrows which they suffered of yore from the foe, and which through dire need they had to endure, of distresses not a few. Finn swore with Hengest and all without strife that he held in honour the woful remnant by the doom of the wise men, and that no man there by word or work should break the treaty, or ever annul it through treacherous cunning, though they followed the slayers of their Ring-giver, all bereft of their lord as was needful for them.

And it is to me great sorrow in my heart to tell any man what Grendel hath done in Hart through

his malice, of humiliation and sudden horror.

So Beowulf the warrior, proud of his golden gifts, went forth o'er the grassy plain rejoicing in treasure. Now has this Hero done a deed, through the power of the Lord, which none of us formerly could ever perform with all our wisdom. And sometimes the old man encumbered by years, some ancient warrior, lamented his lost youth and strength in battle.

So Beowulf the warrior, proud of his golden gifts, went forth o'er the grassy plain rejoicing in treasure.

Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within.

Still it happened to him that his sword pierced through the wondrous worm, and it stood in the wall, that doughty iron, and the dragon was dead. Nor did his passing seem a thing to grieve over to any of the warriors of those who were scanning the track of the glory-less wight, how weary in mind he had dragged along his life-steps, on the way thence doomed and put to flight, and overcome in the fight at the lake of the sea-monsters.

Still it happened to him that his sword pierced through the wondrous worm, and it stood in the wall, that doughty iron, and the dragon was dead.

The grim and greedy wight of destruction, all fierce and furious, was soon ready for his task, and laid hold of thirty thanes, all as they lay sleeping.

The terrible monster, sore with wounds was waiting.

They were a folk strangers to the eternal God, to whom the ruler gave their deserts through flooding of waters.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech brake through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

And a wonder is it to say how the mighty God giveth wisdom to mankind through wideness of mind, lands, and earlship.

The coat of mail shone brightly, which was firmly hand-locked.

And he who rode to and fro o'er the headland was little sparing of fresh tidings, but said to all who were sitting there, 'Now is the joy-giver of the people of the Geats fast on his death-bed, and by the deed of the dragon he inhabits the place of rest gained by a violent death.

Then fled Beowulf by his very own craft and swam through the seas. His boast he had fulfilled, this leader of the Geats, which he made to the East Danes, and likewise made good all the distresses and the sorrows which they suffered of yore from the foe, and which through dire need they had to endure, of distresses not a few.

And no more in playful wise at the midnight hour, did he drift through the air; this dragon, proud in his gainings of treasure, showed not his face, but was fallen to the earth because of the handiwork of the battle-warrior.

So that they all overcame their enemies through the craft of one man and by his might only.

Nor did his passing seem a thing to grieve over to any of the warriors of those who were scanning the track of the glory-less wight, how weary in mind he had dragged along his life-steps, on the way thence doomed and put to flight, and overcome in the fight at the lake of the sea-monsters.

And for the eldest was a murder-bed most unhappily made up by the deeds of a kinsman, when Haethcyn his lordly friend brought him low with an arrow from out of his horn-bow, and missing

the mark he shot through his brother with a bloody javelin.

And no more in playful wise at the midnight hour, did he drift through the air; this dragon, proud in his gainings of treasure, showed not his face, but was fallen to the earth because of the handiwork of the battle-warrior. Death would be better for earls than a life of reproach.' Then he bade them announce that battle-work at the entrenchment up over the sea-cliff where that troop of earls sat sorrowful in soul through the morning-long day, holding their shields and in expectation of the end of the day and the return of the dear man.

So Beowulf the warrior, proud of his golden gifts, went forth o'er the grassy plain rejoicing in treasure.

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: 'O kinsman of Healfdene, thou far-famed and proud prince, thou gold-friend of men, now that eager I am for this forth-faring, bethink thee now of what we two were speaking together, that if I should lose my life through helping thee in thy need, thou wouldst be always to me in the place of a father after my death.

And there, in the haven, stood the ship, with rings at the prow, icy, and eager for the journey, the ferry of the Atheling.

Nor in these dwellings did the Lord of the Geats take any other treasure, though much he saw there, except the head and the hilt, decked out with jewels.

And the mighty sea-deer carried off the battle-rush through my hand.' 'So then evil-doers did often oppress me.

The grim and greedy wight of destruction, all fierce and furious, was soon ready for his task, and laid hold of thirty thanes, all as they lay sleeping.

Death would be better for earls than a life of reproach.' Then he bade them announce that battle-work at the entrenchment up over the sea-cliff where that troop of earls sat sorrowful in soul through the morning-long day, holding their shields and in expectation of the end of the day and the return of the dear man.

Full oft I for less have meted out rewards and worshipful gifts to a meaner warrior, one weaker in strife.

Do thou bid the famous warriors erect a burial-mound, after the burning of the funeral pyre, at the edge of the sea, which shall tower aloft on Whale's Ness, as a memorial for my people, and so the sea-farers shall call it the Hill of Beowulf, even those who drive the high ships from afar through the mists of the flood.' Then the bold Prince doffed from his neck the golden ring. And it is to me great sorrow in my heart to tell any man what Grendel hath done in Hart through his malice, of humiliation and sudden horror.

And sometimes the old man encumbered by years, some ancient warrior, lamented his lost youth and strength in battle.

The coat of mail shone brightly, which was firmly hand-locked. So Beowulf the warrior, proud of his golden gifts, went forth o'er the grassy plain rejoicing in treasure.

And it is to me great sorrow in my heart to tell any man what Grendel hath done in Hart through his malice, of humiliation and sudden horror.

And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth.

And the mighty sea-deer carried off the battle-rush through my hand.' 'So then evil-doers did

often oppress me.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech brake through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

And the point pierced through the doomed flesh-covering. And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech brake through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard. We through bold thinking have come to seek thy lord, the son of Healfdene, the protector of the people.

I will gain possession of the gold by my courage, or battle and deadly evil shall take away your lord.' Then the strong warrior, hard under helm, arose beside his shield and carried his shirt of mail under the rocky cliffs and trusted in the strength of himself alone.

Nor did his passing seem a thing to grieve over to any of the warriors of those who were scanning the track of the glory-less wight, how weary in mind he had dragged along his life-steps, on the way thence doomed and put to flight, and overcome in the fight at the lake of the sea-monsters.

And a wonder is it to say how the mighty God giveth wisdom to mankind through wideness of mind, lands, and earlship. Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: 'O kinsman of Healfdene, thou far-famed and proud prince, thou gold-friend of men, now that eager I am for this forth-faring, bethink thee now of what we two were speaking together, that if I should lose my life through helping thee in thy need, thou wouldst be always to me in the place of a father after my death.

And he had on his arm alone thirty battle-trappings when he went down to the sea.

Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body. Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: 'O kinsman of Healfdene, thou far-famed and proud prince, thou gold-friend of men, now that eager I am for this forth-faring, bethink thee now of what we two were speaking together, that if I should lose my life through helping thee in thy need, thou wouldst be always to me in the place of a father after my death. Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: 'O kinsman of Healfdene, thou far-famed and proud prince, thou gold-friend of men, now that eager I am for this forth-faring, bethink thee now of what we two were speaking together, that if I should lose my life through helping thee in thy need, thou wouldst be always to me in the place of a father after my death.

Nor did the monster think to delay, but at first he quickly laid hold of a sleeping warrior, and tore him to pieces all unawares, and bit at the flesh and drank the streaming blood, and devoured huge pieces of flesh. And a wonder is it to say how the mighty God giveth wisdom to mankind through wideness of mind, lands, and earlship. And no more in playful wise at the midnight hour, did he drift through the air; this dragon, proud in his gainings of treasure, showed not his face, but was fallen to the earth because of the handiwork of the battle-warrior. 'No joy of harping is there, nor mirth of stringed instruments, nor does the goodly hawk swing through the hall, nor doth the swift horse paw in the courtyard. Woe be to that man who shall shove down a soul through hurtful malice into the bosom of the fire, and who hopes for no help nor for any change--well shall it be with that one who after his death day shall seek the Lord and desire protection in the embrace of the Father.

And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth.

Then fled Beowulf by his very own craft and swam through the seas.

Still it happened to him that his sword pierced through the wondrous worm, and it stood in the wall, that doughty iron, and the dragon was dead.

And in former times death had taken them all away, and he alone of the warriors of the people who longest lingered there, full lonely and sad for loss of friends was he, and he hoped for a tarrying, that he but for a little while might enjoy the ancient treasures.

Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body.

And in former times death had taken them all away, and he alone of the warriors of the people who longest lingered there, full lonely and sad for loss of friends was he, and he hoped for a tarrying, that he but for a little while might enjoy the ancient treasures. Let your swords stay behind here, the wood and the slaughter-shafts and the issue of words.' Then the Prince rose up, and about him was many a warrior, a glorious band of thanes. 'No joy of harping is there, nor mirth of stringed instruments, nor does the goodly hawk swing through the hall, nor doth the swift horse paw in the courtyard. I will gain possession of the gold by my courage, or battle and deadly evil shall take away your lord.' Then the strong warrior, hard under helm, arose beside his shield and carried his shirt of mail under the rocky cliffs and trusted in the strength of himself alone. And a wonder is it to say how the mighty God giveth wisdom to mankind through wideness of mind, lands, and earlship.

And for the eldest was a murder-bed most unhappily made up by the deeds of a kinsman, when Haethcyn his lordly friend brought him low with an arrow from out of his horn-bow, and missing the mark he shot through his brother with a bloody javelin. And no more in playful wise at the midnight hour, did he drift through the air; this dragon, proud in his gainings of treasure, showed not his face, but was fallen to the earth because of the handiwork of the battle-warrior.

And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth. Nor did the monster think to delay, but at first he quickly laid hold of a sleeping warrior, and tore him to pieces all unawares, and bit at the flesh and drank the streaming blood, and devoured huge pieces of flesh.

And the mighty sea-deer carried off the battle-rush through my hand.' 'So then evil-doers did often oppress me.

His boast he had fulfilled, this leader of the Geats, which he made to the East Danes, and likewise made good all the distresses and the sorrows which they suffered of yore from the foe, and which through dire need they had to endure, of distresses not a few.